

BETTY BROWN,  
The St. GILES's ORANGE GIRL:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

Mrs. SPONGE, the MONEY-LENDER.

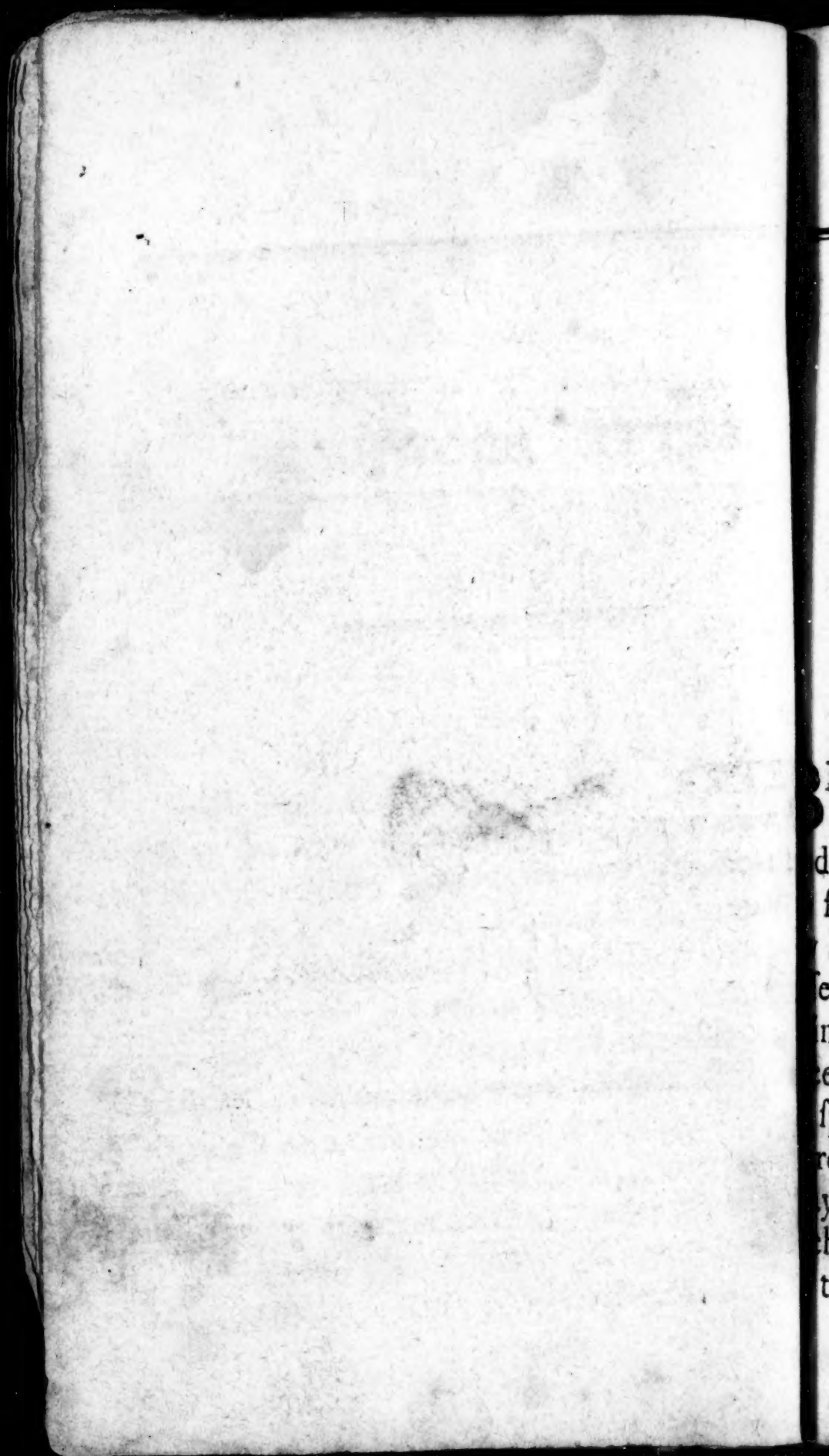
*H. More*



PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY B. & J. JOHNSON, NO. 147,  
HIGH-STREET.

1800.



---

## BETTY BROWN, &c.

---

BETTY Brown, the Orange Girl, was born nobody knows where, and nobody knows how. No girl in all the streets of London could drive a barrow more nimbly, avoid pushing against piers more dextrously, or cry her "China Oranges" in a shriller tone. But then she could neither sew, spin, nor knit, nor wash, nor iron, read, nor spell. Betty had not been in so good a situation as that in which we now describe her. She came into the world before so many good gen-

tlemen and ladies began to concern themselves so kindly that the poor might have a little learning. There was no charitable Society then, as there is now, to pick up poor friendless children in the streets, and put them into a good house, and give them meat, and drink and lodging, and learning, and teach them to get their bread in an honest way into the bargain. Whereas, this now is often the case in London, blessed be God for all his mercies.

The longest thing that Betty can remember is, that she used to crawl out of a night cellar, stroll about the streets, and pick cinders from the scavengers carts. Among the ashes she sometimes found some ragged gauze and dirty ribbons; with these she used to dizen herself out, and join the merry bands on the first of may. This was not however quite fair, as she did not lawfully belong either to the female dancers who foot it gaily round the Maypole, or to the footy tribe, who, on the happy holiday, forget their whole year.

toil; she often, however, got a few scraps, by appearing to belong to both parties.

Betty was not an idle girl; she always put herself in the way of doing something. She would run of errands for the footmen, or sweep the door for the maid of any house where she was known; she would run and fetch some porter, and never was once known either to sip a drop or steal the pot. Her quickness and fidelity in doing little jobs, got her into favour with a lazy cook-maid, who was too apt to give away her master's cold meat and beer, not to those who were most in want, but to those who waited upon her, and did the little things which she ought to have done herself.

The cook, who found Betty a dextrous girl, soon employed her to sell ends of candles, pieces of meat and cheese, and lumps of butter or any thing else she could crib from the house. These were all carried to her friend Mrs.

Sponge, who kept a little shop, and a kind of eating-house for poor working people, not far from the Seven Dials. She also bought as well as sold many kinds of second hand things, and was not scrupulous to know whether what she bought was honestly come by, provided she could get it for a sixth part of what it was worth. But if the owner presumed to ask for it's real value, she had sudden qualms of conscience, suspected the things were stolen, and gave herself airs of honesty, which often took in poor silly people, and gave her a sort of half reputation among the needy and the ignorant whose friend she pretended to be.

To this artful woman Betty carried the cooks pilferings, and as Mrs. Sponge would give no great price for these in money, the cook was willing, to receive payment for her eatables in Mrs. Sponge's drinkables; for she dealt in all kinds of spirits. I shall only just remark here, that one receiver, like Mrs. Sponge, makes many pilferers,

who are tempted to these petty thieveries, by knowing how easy it is, to dispose of them at such iniquitous houses.

Betty was faithful to both her employers, which is extraordinary, considering the greatness of the temptation, and her utter ignorance of good and evil. One day, she ventured to ask Mrs. Sponge if she could not assist her to get into a more settled way of life. She told her, that when she rose in the morning, she never knew where she should lie at night, nor was she ever sure of a meal before hand. Mrs. Sponge asked her what she thought herself fit for. Betty, with fear and trembling, said, there was one trade for which she thought herself qualified, but she had not the ambition to look so high. It was far above her humble views. This was, to have a barrow, and sell fruit, as several other of Mrs. Sponge's customers did, whom she had often looked at with envy.

Mrs. Sponge was an artful woman. Bad as she was, she was always aiming

at something of a character; this was a great help to her trade. While she watched keenly to make every thing turn to her own profit, she had a false fawning way of seeming to do all she did out of pity and kindness to the distressed; and she seldom committed an extortion, but she tried to make the person she cheated believe themselves highly obliged to her kindness. By thus pretending to be their friend she gained their confidence, and she grew rich herself while they thought she was only shewing favour to them. Various were the arts she had of getting rich. The money she got by grinding the poor, she spent in the most luxurious living; and, while she would haggle with her hungry customers for a farthing, she would spend pounds on the most costly delicacies for herself.

Mrs. Sponge, laying aside that haughty look and voice, well known to such as had the misfortune to be in her debt, put on the hypocritical smile and soft tones, which she always assumed when

he meant to *take in* her dependents.  
 "Betty," said she, "I am resolved to  
 stand your friend. These are sad times  
 to be sure. Money is money now. Yet  
 I am resolved to put you into a hand-  
 some way of living. You shall have a  
 parrow, and well furnished too." Bet-  
 ty could not have felt more joy or gra-  
 titude, if she had been told that she  
 should have a coach. "O, Madam,"  
 said Betty, "It is impossible. I have  
 not a penny in the world towards help-  
 ing me to set up." "I will take care of  
 that," said Mrs. Sponge; "only you  
 must do as I bid you. You must pay  
 the interest for my money. And you  
 will of course be glad also to pay so  
 much every night for a nice hot supper  
 which I get ready, quite out of kindness,  
 for a number of poor working people.  
 This will be a great comfort for such a  
 friendless girl as you, for my victuals  
 and drink are the best; and my compa-  
 ny the merriest of any house in all St.  
 Giles's. Betty thought all this only for  
 any more favours, and courtesying to  
 the ground, said "to be sure, Ma'am,

and thank you a thousand times into the bargain."

Mrs. Sponge knew what she was about. Betty was a lively girl, who had a knack at learning any thing; and so well looking through all her dirt and rags, that there was little doubt she would get custom. A barrow was soon provided, and five shillings put into Betty's hands. Mrs. Sponge kindly condescended to go to shew her how to buy the fruit, for it was a rule with this prudent gentlewoman, and one from which she never departed, that no one should cheat but herself.

Betty had never possessed such a sum before. She grudged to lay it out all at once, and was ready to fancy she could live upon the capital. The crown, however, was laid out to the best advantage. Betty was carefully taught in what manner to cry her Oranges; and received many useful lessons how to get of the bad with the good, and the stale with the fresh. Mrs. Sponge also lent her

ew bad fixpences, for which she ordered her to bring home good ones at night.—Betty stared. Mrs. Sponge said, “ Betty, those who would get money, must not be too nice about trifles. Keep one of these fixpences in your hand, and if an ignorant young custom-er gives you a good fixpence, do you immediately slip it into your other hand, and give him the bad one, declaring, that is the very one you have just received, and that you have not another fixpence in the world. You must also learn how to treat different sorts of customers. To some you may put off with shabby goods which would be quite un-pleasing to others. Never offer bad fruit, Betty, to those who know better: never waste the good on those who may be put off with worse; put good Oranges at top and mouldy ones under.

Poor Betty had not a nice conscience, for she had never learnt that grand but simple rule of all moral obligation, “ Never do that to another which you would not have another do to you.”

She set off with her barrow as proud and as happy as if she had been set up in the finest shop in Covent Garden. Betty had a sort of natural good nature, which made her unwilling to impose, but she had no principle which told her it was a sin. She had such good success, that, when night came, she had not an Orange left. With a light heart, she drove her empty barrow to Mrs. Sponge's door. She went in with a merry face, and threw down on the Counter every farthing she had taken. "Betty," said Mrs. Sponge, "I have a right to it all, as it was got by my money. But I am too generous to take it. I will therefore only take sixpence for this day's use of my five shillings. This is a most reasonable interest, and I will lend you the same sum to trade with to-morrow, and so on; you only paying me sixpence for the use of it every night, which will be a great bargain to you. You must also pay me my price every night for your supper and you shall have an excellent lodging above stairs; so you see every thing will

now be provided for you in a genteel manner through my generosity."

Poor Betty's gratitude blinded her so completely that she forgot to calculate the vast proportion which this generous benefactress was to receive out of her little gains. She thought herself a happy creature, and went in to supper with a number of others of her own class. For this supper, and for more porter and gin than she ought to have drank, Betty was forced to pay so high, that it eat up all the profits of the day, which, added to the daily interest, made Mrs. Sponge a rich return for her five shillings.

Betty was reminded again of the gentility of her new situation, as she crept up to bed in one of Mrs. Sponge's garrets five stories high. This loft, to be sure, was small, and had no window, but what it wanted in light was made up in company, as it had three beds, and thrice as many lodgers. Those gentlemen had one night, in a drunken frolic,

broke down the door, which happily had never been replaced; for, since that time, the lodgers had died much seldomer of infectious distempers. For this lodging Betty paid twice as much to her good friend as she would have done to a stranger. Thus she continued, with great industry and a thriving trade, as poor as on the first day, and not a bit nearer to saving money enough to buy her even a pair of shoes, though her feet were nearly on the ground.

One day, as Betty was driving her barrow through a street near Holborn a lady from a window called out to her that she wanted some Oranges. While the servants went to fetch a plate, the lady entered into some talk with Betty having been struck with her honest countenance and civil manner. She questioned her as to her way of life, and the profits of her trade—and Betty, who had never been so kindly treated before by so genteel a person, was very communicative. She told her little history as far as she knew it, and dwelt much

in the generosity of Mrs. Sponge, in keeping her in her house, and trusting her with so large a capital as five shillings. At first it sounded like a very good-natured thing, but the lady, whose husband was one of the Justices of the new Police, happened to know more of Mrs. Sponge than was good, which led her to inquire still further. Betty owned, that to be sure, it was not all clear profit, for that besides that the high price of the supper and bed ran away with all she got, she paid sixpence a day for the use of the five shillings. And how long have you done this?" said the Lady, "About a year, Madam."

The lady's eyes were at once opened. "My poor girl," said she, "do you know that you have already paid for that single five shillings the enormous sum of 7l. 10s.? I believe it is the most profitable five shillings Mrs. Sponge ever laid out." "O, no, Madam," said the girl, "that good gentlewoman does the same kindness to ten or twelve other

poor friendless creatures like me.”  
 “Does she so?” said the lady; “then I never heard of a better trade than this woman carries on, under the mask of charity, at the expence of her poor fellow creatures.”

“But, Madam,” said Betty, who did not comprehend this lady’s arithmetic, “what can I do? I now contrive to pick up a morsel of bread without begging or stealing. Mrs. Sponge has been very good to me, and I don’t see how I can help myself.”

“I will tell you,” said the lady, “If you will follow my advice, you may not only maintain yourself honestly but independently. Only oblige yourself to live hard for a little time, till you have saved five shillings out of your own earnings. Give up that expensive supper at night, drink only one pint of porter, and no gin at all. As soon as you have scraped together the five shillings, carry it back to your false friend, and if you are industrious, you will at the

end of the year have saved seven pounds ten shillings. If you can make shift to live now, when you have this heavy interest to pay, judge how things will mend when your capital becomes your own. You will put some cloaths on your back, and by leaving the use of spirits, and the company in which you drink them, your health your morals and your condition will mend."

The lady did not talk thus to save her money. She would gladly have given the girl the five shillings; but she thought it was beginning at the wrong end. She wanted to try her. Besides, she knew there was much more pleasure as well as honour in possessing five shillings of one's own saving than of another's giving. Betty promised to obey. She owned she got no good by the company or the liquor at Mrs. Sponge's. She promised that very night to begin saving the expence of the supper, and that she would not taste a drop of gin till she had the five shillings beforehand. The lady, who knew the

power of good habits, was contented with this, thinking, that if the girl could abstain for a certain time, it would become easy to her. She therefore at present said little about the sin of drinking.

In a very few weeks, Betty had saved up the five shillings. She went to carry back this money with great gratitude to Mrs. Sponge. This kind friend began to abuse her most unmercifully. She called her many hard names not fit to repeat, for having forsaken the supper, by which she swore she got nothing at all; but as she had the charity to dress it for such beggarly wretches, she insisted they should pay for it, whether they ate it or not. She also brought in a heavy score for lodging, though Betty had paid for it every night, and given notice of her intending to quit her. By all these false pretences, she got from her not only her own five shillings but all the little capital with which Betty was going to set up for herself. As all was not sufficient to answer her demands, she de-

declared she would send her to prison, but while she went to call a Constable, Betty contrived to make off.

With a light pocket and a heavy heart, she went to the lady and with many tears told her sad story. The lady's husband, the Justice condescended to listen to Betty's tale. He said Mrs. Sponge had long been upon his books as a receiver of stolen goods, Betty's evidence strengthened his bad opinion of her. "This petty system of usury," said the gentleman, "may be thought trifling, but it will no longer appear so, if you reflect, that if one of these female sharpers possesses a capital of seventy shillings, or 3l. 10s. with fourteen steady regular customers, she can realize a fixed income of 100 guineas a year. Add to this the influence such a loan gives her over these friendless creatures, by compelling them to eat at her house, or lodge, or buy liquors, or by taking their pawns, and you will see the extent of the evil. I pity these poor victims: You, Betty, shall point out some of them

to me. I will endeavour to open their eyes on their own bad management. It is one of the greatest acts of kindness to the poor to mend their economy, and to give them right views of laying out their little money to advantage. These poor blinded creatures look no farther than to be able to pay this heavy interest every night, and to obtain the same loan on the same hard terms the next day. Thus are they kept in poverty and bondage all their lives; but I hope as many as hear of this will get on a better plan, and I shall be ready to help any who are willing to help themselves. This worthy Magistrate went directly to Mrs. Sponge's with proper officers, and he got to the bottom of many iniquities. He not only made her refund poor Betty's money, but committed her to prison for receiving stolen goods, and various other offences, which may perhaps make the subject of another history.

Betty was now set up in trade to her hearts content. She had found the benefit of leaving off spirits, and she re-

solved to drink them no more. The first fruits of this resolution was that in a fortnight she bought her a new pair of shoes, and as there was now no deductions for interest or for gin, her earnings became considerable. The lady made her a present of a gown and a hat, on the easy condition that she should go to church. She accepted the terms, at first rather as an act of obedience to the lady, than from a sense of higher duty. But she soon began to go from a better motive. This constant attendance at church, joined to the instructions of the lady, opened a new world to Betty. She now heard for the first time that she was a sinner; that God had given a law which was holy, just, and good, that she had broken this law, had been a swearer, a sabbath-breaker, and had lived without God in the world. All this was sad news to Betty; she knew, indeed, that there were sinners, but she thought they were only to be found in the prisons, or at Botany Bay, or in those mournful carts which she had sometimes followed with

her barrow, with the unthinking croud to Tyburn.—She was most struck with the great truths revealed in the Scripture, which were quite new to her. She was desirous of improvement, and said, she would give up all the profits of her barrow, and go into the hardest service, rather than live in sin and ignorance.

“ Betty,” said the lady, “ I am glad to see you so well disposed, and will do what I can for you. Your present way of life, to be sure, exposes you to much danger; but the trade is not unlawful in itself, and we may please God in any calling, provided it be not a dishonest one. In this great town there must be barrow women to sell fruit. Do you then, instead of forsaking your business, set a good example to those in it, and shew them, that though a dangerous trade, it need not be a bad one. Till Providence points out some safer way of getting your bread, let your companions see, that it is possible to be good even in this. Your trade being carried

on in the open street, and your fruit bought in an open shop, you are not so much obliged to keep sinful company as may be thought. Take a garret in an honest house, to which you may go home in safety at night. I will give you a bed and a few necessaries to furnish your room; and I will also give you a constant Sunday's dinner. A barrow woman, blessed be God and our good laws, is as much her own mistress on Sundays as a Duches: and the Church and the Bible are as much open to her. You may soon learn all that such as you are expected to know. A barrow woman may pray as heartily morning and night, and serve God as acceptably all day, while she is carrying on her little trade, as if she had her whole time to spare.

To do this well you must mind the following

### *RULES FOR RETAIL TRADERS.*

Resist every temptation to cheat.

Never impose bad goods on false pretences.

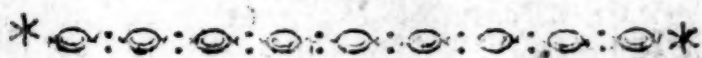
Never put off bad money for good.  
 Never use prophane or uncivil language.

Never swear your goods cost so much when you know it is false. By so doing you are guilty of two sins in one breath a lie and an oath.

To break these rules, will be your chief temptation. God will mark how you behave under them, and will reward or punish you accordingly. These temptations will be as great to you as higher trials are to higher people; but you have the same God to look to for strength to resist them as they have. You must pray to him to give you this strength. You shall attend a Sunday School where you will be taught these good things, and I will promote you as you shall be found to deserve.

Poor Betty here burst into tears of joy and gratitude, crying out, "What shall such a poor friendless creature as I be treated so kindly and learn to read the word of God too? Oh, Madam what a lucky chance brought me to your

floor," "Betty," said the lady, "what  
 you have just said, shews the need you  
 have of being better taught; there is  
 no such thing as chance, and we offend  
 God when we call that luck or chance  
 which is brought about by his will and  
 pleasure. None of the events of your  
 life have happened by chance—but all  
 have been under the direction of a good  
 and kind Providence. He has permit-  
 ted you to experience want and distress,  
 that you might acknowledge his hand in  
 your present comfort and prosperity.  
 Above all, you must bless his goodness  
 in sending you to me, not only because  
 he has been of use to you in your world-  
 ly affairs, but because he has enabled  
 me to shew you the danger of your state  
 from sin and ignorance, and to put you  
 on a way to know his will and to keep  
 his commandments.



DAN and JANE;

OR

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

---

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and  
wife,

And liv'd a loving kind of life;

One point, however, they disputed,

And each by turns their mate confuted.

'Twas faith and works—this knotty  
question

They found not easy of digestion.

While Dan for faith alone contended,

Jane equally good works defended.

'They are not Christians sure, but Turks

Who build on faith, and scoff at works.

Quoth Jane—While eager Dan reply'd

'By none but heathens faith's deny'd,'

'I'll tell you wife,' at length quoth Dan,  
 A story of a right good man.  
 A patriarch sage of ancient days,  
 A man of faith, whom all must praise.  
 In his own country he possess'd  
 Whate'er can make a wise man blest;  
 His was the flock, the field, the spring,  
 In short, a little rural king.  
 Yet, pleas'd he quits his native land,  
 By faith in the Divine command:  
 God bade him go, and he, content,  
 Went forth, not knowing where he went.  
 He trusted in the promise made.  
 And, undisputing strait obeyed.  
 The heavenly word he did not doubt,  
 But prov'd his faith by going out."

Jane answer'd with some little pride—  
 I've an example on my side;  
 And tho' my tale be somewhat longer,  
 I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.  
 I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man,  
 The holiest since the world began,  
 Who now God's favour is receiving,  
 For prompt *obeying*, not *believing*.  
 One only son this man possess't,  
 In whom his righteous age was blest;

And more to mark the grace of Heaven  
 This son by miracle was given ;  
 And from this child the word Divine  
 Had promis'd an illustrious line.

When lo ! at once a voice he hears,  
 Which sounds like thunder in his ears  
 God says—Go sacrifice thy son !

—This moment, Lord, it shall be done  
 He goes, and instantly prepares  
 To slay this child of many prayers.

Now here you see the grand expedience  
 Of *works*, of actual sound *obedience*.

This was not *faith*, but act and deed,  
 'The Lord commands—the child shall  
 bleed.

'Thus Abraham *acted*,' Jenny cried ;

'Thus Abraham *trusted*,' Dan replied.

'Abraham ?' quoth Jane, 'why that  
 my man,'

'No, Abraham's him I mean,' says Dan

'He stands a monument of *faith* ;'—

'No, 'tis for *works*, the Scripture faith.

' 'Tis for his faith that I defend him ;'

' 'Tis for obedience I commend him."

Thus he—thus she—both warmly  
 feel,

And lose their temper in their zeal

too quick each other's choice to blame.  
 They did not see each meant the same.  
 At length, good wife,' said honest Dan,  
 We're talking of the self-same man.  
 The works you praise I own indeed,  
 Now from that faith for which I plead;  
 And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,  
 His works deserves especial note :  
 'Tis not enough of faith to *talk*,  
 A man of God, with God must walk :  
 His doctrines are at last the same,  
 They only differ in the name.  
 The faith I fight for is the root,  
 The works you value are the fruit.  
 How shall you know my creed's sincere,  
 Unless in works my faith appear ?  
 How shall I know a tree's alive,  
 Unless I see it bear and thrive ?  
 Your works not growing on my root,  
 You'd prove they were not genuine fruit.  
 If faith produce no works, I see,  
 That faith is not a living tree.  
 Thus faith and works together grow,  
 No separate life they e'er can know :  
 They're soul and body, hand and heart,  
 That God hath join'd, let no one part.'

Z.

T H E

# HISTORY of RICHARD

*A BALLAD.*

---

**I** PASS the days of Richard's youth,  
His pranks and idle play ;  
Nor need I tell the mournful truth  
Of wicked deeds each day.

For Richard when to manhood grown,  
Was still a wicked wight,  
He prov'd a plague to all the town,  
And wrong prefer'd to right.

Sometimes he ty'd a neighbour's door,  
Sometimes their glafs he broke ;  
Nor car'd a pin for rich or poor,  
If he could have his joke.

an bad to worse he headlong drove,  
 For man is never still ;  
 either daily must improve  
 Or fall from bad to ill.

th Richard thus it prov'd, I think ;  
 To plays at first he went ; [drink,  
 en drawn by cards, and dice, and  
 his nights at taverns spent.

as madly for a time poor Dick  
 Went on, nor thought of death,  
 Alaid upon his bed, and sick,  
 he panted for his breath—

e fever rag'd, his boiling blood  
 Went burning thro' his veins ;  
 as then he saw his angry God,  
 and fear increas'd his pains.

p horror smote his throbbing breast,  
 fierce anguish fill'd his soul ;  
 bed was thorns—he found no rest,  
 from side to side he'd roll.

Death! ghastly death! before him stood  
 And rais'd his dreadful dart;  
 Then first he breath'd a prayer to God  
 And bow'd his stubborn heart,

If Heav'n would grant him life, he said  
 He never more would sin,  
 But ask of God his daily bread  
 And part from cards and gin.

To ev'ry sigh—each bitter groan,  
 Heaven lent a gracious ear,  
 And sent a guardian angel down,  
 To sooth his pains and fear.

Rais'd on his feeble limbs again  
 Dick found his strength return,  
 He soon was freed from ev'ry pain,  
 He felt no fever burn.

Some weeks he liv'd a sober way,  
 And seem'd to thank his God.  
 But soon alas he learn'd to stray,  
 And left the heav'nly road.

With smutty Bob, and funny Jack  
He flew to cards and gin,  
With them he lik'd his jokes to crack,  
With them to follow sin.

His sober friends wept over Dick  
And trembled while they said  
Alas! poor man! when he was sick  
“What promises he made!”

At length, one night at tavern late  
Mid't cards and drink and dice,  
With smutty Bob and Jack he sate  
Until the clock struck twice.

Wild roar'd the wind, cold was the night,  
Each homeward reel'd his way, [light  
But when the sun brought morning's  
None knew where Richard lay!

All day his friends search'd out alas!  
No tidings they could hear  
But when the second morn did pass,  
They found him on his bier.

Down with the stream they saw him flow  
 All swell'd, and black with gore  
 They leap'd into a little boat  
 And brought him to the shore.

His sober neighbours gather'd round,  
 They mourn'd with grief sincere,  
 Then plac'd his body in the ground,  
 While tear fell after tear.

Their pious teacher rais'd his voice  
 And bade all warning take;  
 For Heaven will blast all wicked joys  
 And cut off every rake!

“ Though God in mercy may prolong  
 “ A wicked wretch's life,  
 “ He will pull down the fierce and strong  
 “ And blast them in their strife !”

the Reviewers speaking of the Cheap  
 repository, say,

Concerning the utility of the de-  
 there cannot be two opini-

There is certainly no way  
 which the minds of the busier part  
 mankind can be so effectually enlight-  
 ed with useful knowledge, and im-  
 ed with virtuous sentiments, as by  
 easy and free circulation of books  
 papers of various kinds, judiciously  
 pted to their comprehension.

United with the Religious pieces we  
 d a variety of excellent matter, ex-  
 ited in terms happily adapted to the  
 rpose of the publication. Sentiments  
 piety, benevolence, and integrity,  
 inculcated; industry, sobriety, ho-  
 sty, and the whole train of personal  
 d social virtues are recommended;  
 d the various snares by which young  
 ople are drawn into licentious practi-  
 s are exposed in every way that can  
 supposed to interest the reader.

“ It owes it's rise to the christian  
nevolence of the celebrated Hannah  
More, who observing with concern  
the indecent ballads and other  
with which the minds of the poor  
are contaminated, conceived the design  
of counteracting them, by a cheap  
fusion of moral and religious pieces  
adapted to the capacity of every class.  
Many of the stories are entitled to great  
praise; which is not to be wondered  
when we are informed that the late  
Mason, Mrs. Chapone, Mr. Gilpin  
and other names advantageously known  
to the world, have laid their offerings  
on this altar of Charity; not to mention  
on that the very respectable protectress  
of the scheme has employed on this  
occasion the talents of her head, as well  
as the virtues of her heart.”

*Critical Review, October 1*

☞ Next week will be published the Cock-fight  
and Good Mother's Legacy.